

LOSS OF VOICE

After Acute Bronchitis
CURED BY USING
AYER'S Cherry Pectoral
A PREACHER'S EXPERIENCE.

"Three months ago, I took a violent cold which resulted in an attack of acute bronchitis. I put myself under medical treatment, and at the end of two months was no better. I found it very difficult to preach, and concluded to try Ayer's Cherry



Pectoral. The first bottle gave me great relief; the second, which I am now taking, has relieved me almost entirely of all unpleasant symptoms, and I feel sure that one or two bottles more will effect a permanent cure. To all ministers suffering from throat troubles, I recommend Ayer's Cherry Pectoral."—E. M. BRAWLEY, D.D., Dist. Secretary, Am. Bapt. Publication Society, Petersburg, Va.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
GOLD MEDAL AT THE WORLD'S FAIR
AYER'S LEADS ALL OTHER SASSAPARILLAS

GENOA TO PISA.

*Fifty Rough and Picturesque Miles
—Outrunning a Railway Train
—Sea and Shore— Where
Shelley Died.*

After getting down to the shore south of Genoa, we were expecting to find level roadways. But for fifty long miles we found anything else. So strenuously do the olive-clad slopes of the Apennines push the coast that there is no room for roads or arable else. We climbed abrupt hills and coasted down the other side. We crossed bridges and fills over chasms of valleys with the sea water foaming below, and we went through many a half tunnel, that is a tunnel open partly on one side. A railway goes along this coast and in those fifty miles of it there are eighty tunnels. We were continually crossing and recrossing this railway. But the scenery was more rugged and striking than that north of Genoa. Hills were steeper, there were higher peaks to the north, valleys were more densely grown with pines and less frequently spotted with villas, while the sea roared and raged more furiously in the narrower and rockier bays and inlets. A village was passed at about each half-mile, a village always compactly built of tall houses, painted mostly white but sometimes white and black in stripes. All of these villages, snuggled under the cliffs, afford beautiful views, a warm climate, bathing and boating, and are consequently frequented by visitors both summer and winter. Of the inhabitants who do not keep hotels, the men are mostly engaged a part of the year as coral-fishers to the coasts of lower Sardinia and North Africa, while the women sit at home and make delicate laces and silks and even occupy themselves in chair factories.

The preacher, who boasts of a goodly number of pounds avoirdupois under his vest (or did when this trip was begun) had complained of the French roads because the hills were not steep enough to coast on. He now had all the coasting he wanted, and nearly coasted himself into the Mediterranean on more than one occasion, when the road, as it often did, made a sudden turn in descending the farther side of a mountain spur. He grew so tired of climbing up hill, usually on foot, and of back-peddling cautiously and laboriously down hill, that he proposed a rather daring thing. It was just at the foot of a hill that promised a tedious climb and likewise at a railway crossing, but the railway went under the hill by a long tunnel. "Let us," he said, "follow the railway and get rid of that hill." We did it. There was a fairly good path by the track and the tunnel had on the side next to the sea openings that admitted plenty of light. We

wheeled through and at the other end, seeing nothing of our road, kept to the track. Nobody interfered with us although the women who keep the gates at guarded crossings looked at us with evident curiosity. Many difficult miles were thus shortened and eased as we passed through a succession of short tunnels. We were in the middle of an unusually long hole when the thin, shrill screech that these Italian locomotives have told us that a train was coming behind. There was room to stand up against the wall and let it pass, but we preferred to be outside, and so made a run for it. We reached the tunnel's end well ahead of the train, and there appearing to be no danger, we kept on riding at as high speed as the narrow path permitted. We really gained on the train and when another tunnel was reached we had no hesitation in entering it, for by this time we believed ourselves capable of fairly beating the slow-going train. For six miles we easily ran ahead of that train, distancing it in the open and being gained up on by it in the tunnels, for fully two-thirds of the way was tunnels. We only then left the tracks to inspect an interesting looking town. This incident shows the speed of railway travel in Italy. A local passenger train, such as this one was, is run on a schedule of about 12 miles an hour including stops, while express trains or "directs," as they are called, make only 30 miles an hour, and the very fastest flier, the "directus alme," a few miles better. Three classes of passenger carriages are run on all except the faster trains these having only first and second classes. The third class compartment is little better than a cattle car, the seats being merely rough boards, and the floors being uncarpeted and most filthy. Those Italians which in America are called "daggers" are the patrons of these carriages. We often saw them at way stations, crowded together, gossiping and laughing gaily, drinking the thin, sour wine of the country and eating the horrible garlic and olive oil compounds that pass for food. Fares on these coaches are about two-thirds the first class fares at home. On second class carriages fares are just about the same as our first class fares. Compartments have cushioned seats, but are all dirty. No means of heating is provided except that on cold nights nine vessels about three feet long and the shape of a flattened cylinder and filled with hot water are thrust in on the floors for passengers to put their feet on. First class compartments are really comfortably fitted up, and the fares are about a third more than for second class. Sleeping berths may be had at the rate of nine dollars each a night. It will be seen from these remarks that railway travel in Italy is neither rapid, comfortable or cheap.

We had left the railway tracks at a small town 80 miles from Genoa, where after a lunch we took again to the high road that now turned inland and wound up scantily wooded mountains. Then down again across fine valleys, up once more through a bleak and barren country and then down to the side of a swift mountain river; along this stream for some pleasant miles, next through a gloomy but fragrant pine wood, up a long, long hill again, and we stood above Spezia, enjoying the wide and magnificent prospect of white town, black mountain and sombre sea lying below and around us in the light of the setting sun. By many turnings we sped down the hill to the pleasant city and after dinner we made a pilgrimage in the twilight, out a few miles to Byron's grotto. It is a small space between two huge rocks and looks straight out to sea, with side views on either side of rocky shores. Here the poet spent many of his happy hours as came to his cloudy nature, and wrote most of his "Corsair."

On the road early next morning we found much more likely wheeling than on the previous day, with milder though not less delightful scenery. A pleasant and rapid ride of some fifteen miles brought us, just as the men were going to work, to the famous Carrara quarries. Thousands of workers were filling up the narrow valleys, and after seeing the enormous masses of the white and yellow stone that they blasted and dug from the mountain, we therefore forward had no wonder that everything in Italy is built of marble. The quarries are much like those of other stone. Moles are bored, explosives put in, a horn is blown, there is a puff of smoke, a sudden roar and a huge block of glistening

rock is tumbled from the hill-side. It is carried away on staunch, low ox wagons, and on railways, to be cut, near by, into slabs and blocks and sent all over the earth. For ten miles along our route, each valley seemed alive with quarrymen, and the main and side roads were lined with cutting and polishing works. The supply is inexhaustible, for the quarries have been worked since the time of the Roman Empire and the mountains of marble have been scarcely scratched.

Noon found us at Viareggio, where we paused not only to see a typical old town, but also to think a moment about a great English poet whose life went out in the blue sea close at hand. Shelley's memory is preserved by a monument lately put up at this small city. It is done with good taste and with art. On one side is a book encircled by intertwined branches of oak and olive and bearing on its cover the word "Prometheus." An inscription refers to the poet as "heart of hearts, drowned in the sea, consumed by fire on this shore, where he meditated the addition to 'Prometheus Unbound' of a posthumous page, in which every generation would have a token of its struggles, its tears and its redemption." Near by the town the poet's body was washed to land, holding clasped in one rigid hand the little volume of Greek verses that we had seen sacredly preserved at Oxford in England. Here on a lonely shore, even yet surrounded by solemn and mournful pine trees and swept by the winds and waves, his friends and fellow poets, Byron and Leigh Hunt, found the storm tossed corpse, and lighting a fire then and there burned it to ashes. For this reason this strand will always have a melancholy interest for all who read the English language and demand their passing homage even though they be but mudstained and knickerbockered wheelmen.

A short afternoon's run over a level, fertile, well-cultivated country brought us to Pisa, lying on both sides of the Arno, and smiling with the stately dignity of an historic past and a successful present.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists; 75c.

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For a pain in the chest a piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on over the seat of the pain, and another on the back between the shoulders, will afford prompt relief. This is especially valuable in cases where the pain is caused by a cold and there is a tendency toward pneumonia. For sale by W. C. Gaston.

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A good name is a good thing to have on St. Peter's ledger, but in this world it is a good thing to have a bank account behind it. You can bank on Sneed's Sure Cough Cure, for sale by druggists.

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By buying your Hardware of other dealers without giving W. D. Vaughan an opportunity to show you his splendid stock and quote you prices.

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is pilfering in your bin, and you permit it. A cooking stove that has to be overfed to be coaxed to cook at all, and dumps its fuel without digesting it is a downright robber.

Majestic Steel Range

saves food and fuel enough in two years to pay for itself. All parts unbreakable—steel and malleable iron. Its heat can't escape. A quick and even baker. You can learn all about the Majestic Cooking Range at our store. The Majestic is such a saver that it pays to discard a cast iron stove for one.

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For coal keep fire 24 hours with doors closed. A stove that you can regulate the heat with perfect ease.

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Four different styles, with top draft and ash pan.

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Both upright and horizontal. Champion stoves of the world.

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Perfectly air tight. A stove so simple that a child can regulate the heat.

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Sheet iron, beautiful designs, and give perfect satisfaction.

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Respectfully,

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Will buy and sell or exchange lands for parties on the most reasonable terms and will also furnish reliable information as to the location, improvements and quality of any tract of land in the county.

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- No. 4.—10 acres of good timber land, 2 miles northwest of Keytesville; plenty of good timber on this tract will be sold cheap.
- No. 5.—80-acre farm, 7 miles northwest of Keytesville, 60 acres in cultivation, 20 acres timber. Good comfortable dwelling and all necessary out buildings; good water for all purposes; convenient to school, church and post-office. Will be sold at a bargain.
- No. 6.—100 acres, 7 miles northwest of Keytesville, well improved; new dwelling and good barn; all in cultivation; well fenced; time given on part of the tract.
- No. 7.—150 acres, 7 miles southwest of Keytesville, well improved; new dwelling and good barn; all in cultivation; well fenced; time given on part of the tract.
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Your patronage is respectfully solicited. Call and see us. Office in court-house.

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